THE GROWTH OF A FAITH.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE DESCRIBED BY A BELIEVER.

The Church that the Society Is to Build in This City—How Work and Worship Are Conducted—Changes Since the Beginning of the Movement, Thirty Years Ago.

Of late years the Christian Science movement has become marked all over the land, and the recent purchase of a valuable piece of property on the north side of Forty-eighth street, west of Sixth avenue, by the "First Church of Christ, Scientist," has set many people to talking about the growth of the movement in this city. The fact that the society paid $75,000 cash down for the property did more than cause talk; it made those persons who have an idea that this organization is a small body, with more enthusiasm than common sense, open their eyes and ask: "Where did they get the money?" and it revealed the fact that there is little general accurate knowledge, though a good deal of misinformation, prevalent concerning this movement.

The "First Church of Christ, Scientist," was the first Christian Science Church organized in the city, and had its beginning in a meeting held in Columbia Institute in 1887, the membership then numbering less than a dozen. It was incorporated in 1888, and the Rev. Augusta Stetson, C. S. D., of Boston, was made pastor, though she was not ordained until 1890. That same year Mr. Carol Norton went actively into the movement, and was made assistant pastor. Twice during the first year the society had to change quarters for lack of room, meeting first on Fifth avenue, opposite the Windsor Hotel, and moving from there to Hardman Hall, Fifth avenue and Nineteenth street, where it remained until 1894. By this time the membership had increased to such an extent that Scottish Rite Hall at Madison avenue and Twenty-ninth street was hired for Sundays throughout the year, and here the congregation still worships.

Recently some of the leaders of the movement concluded that it would be well for them to secure a temporary resting place of their own before building a permanent house of worship in the up-town church and institutional part of the city, as is the expressed intention of the society. When they suggested this the society raised not only the necessary purchase money, but a little more, in less than a week's time. One of the foundation principles of Christian Science is, so one of the leading spirits says, "Owe no man anything, but love one another," and while the sect sometimes takes up mortgages it never puts one on.

The church building, which is the first ever owned by Christian Scientists in the city, is now in the hands of an architect, and will be remodeled, redecorated, and refurnished throughout by the last of May, when it will be ready for occupancy. The cost of the church, land, and improvements will amount to $90,000, and this temporary home has been purchased, not only as a matter of convenience, but as a measure of economy, for the society judges that it will be able to sell it for at least as much as it cost, and that in the interval it will obtain a better income from its money than by allowing it to lie idle in a trust company. The society, however, will begin at once to select the lot for a permanent home, and it confidently expects to be settled in it by 1900. It will be a fine edifice, much on the order of the mother church in Boston.

The body of Christian Scientists is made up of people who have first come to be healed and then investigated the science and become members. They are representative professional and business men and women, teachers, literary people, and tired mothers, and two things strike the stranger upon entering the church—their intelligence and their expression of countenance, which bespeaks contentment. No Scientist ever employs a physician for self or children, but depends on the Christ-mind to heal bodily ailments. Mrs. Stetson was pastor of the church from 1888 to 1895, and Mr. Carol Norton assistant pastor from 1890, but with a radical change in the form of Sunday services last year there was also instituted a change in the titles of the clergy in charge. They were no longer known as pastors, clergymen, or ministers, but were called first reader and second reader respectively.

There are no statistics which tell the exact membership of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, but the number is near 800, and most of them claim to have been healed of all manner of diseases by its teachings. The work of the readers and their assistants is very far reaching, and they come very close to their parishioners, for they not only get at the mental state of a person in looking after his spiritual welfare, but at his physical condition in doing the work ordinarily done by a physician. Women often say that the persons who know most about them are their pastor and their doctor. If this be true the Christian Scientist pastor, or reader, has a chance for doing a double amount of good.

When asked about their growth, aims, belief, and manner of worship, a prominent and thoughtful worker in the church here replied: "The movement originated in Massachusetts in 1866, when the Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, after years of medical experiment, Scriptural research, and study, discovered what is recognized as the basic principle of Christian Science mind healing, that is, 'that all causation is mind, and every effect a mental phenomenon.' Upon this fundamental idea she has reared a wonderful system of ethics and healing, which, in 1875, she embodied in her remarkable book, 'Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures,' which is the recognized text book of the entire movement, and in 1896 had entered upon its one-hundredth edition of 1,000 copies each, with a constantly increasing demand.

"Mrs. Eddy is a remarkable woman from every point of view. In the thirty years since 1866 she has inaugurated and carried forward every prominent development of the cause of Christian Science. There were less than twenty believers in 1866, and in 1896 there are over 200,000. In 1879 Mrs. Eddy founded the mother church of Christian Science in Boston, the 'First Church of Christ, Scientist,' with a membership of twenty-six persons. In 1896 this church had reached a membership of about 6,000, with 1,000 of these resident members, the rest persons living in all parts of the world. In 1895 there was erected as a testimonial of love and gratitude to the discoverer and founder, the Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, by the Scientists of the world, the beautiful granite edifice of the mother church in the Back Bay district of Boston, at a cost of over $200,000. In 1883 Mrs. Eddy founded the organ of the movement, the *Christian Science Journal*, which now has a large circulation and is among the most influential religious publications of the country. The cause has its own publishing society at 95 Falmouth street, Boston, which issues tracts, quarterly Bible lessons, a hymnal, the *Christian Science Journal*, and other publications. Mrs. Eddy is the author of other important works besides the text book, all of which constitute the recognized standard literature of the movement.

"No religious system of Christendom has ever enjoyed such a marked and substantial growth, neither has any system of Christian ethics ever been so misunderstood and opposed by those who entirely misconceived the true import of its tenets and methods. From the first its aim has been the alleviation of human suffering and woe, the emancipation of men and women from the slavery of evil, sorrow, and bodily disease. The avowed object from the first has been the restoration of the ideals, the ways and means of primitive Christianity. Christian Science has laid stress upon works of reformation and physical healing, upon character and rationality, and on living rather than dying, instead of exalting doctrines, forms, creeds, mysticism, and externalism in religion. It begins both in ethics and medicine, where popular religion and materia medica end. It institutes the healing power of divinely mental laws for materialistic methods and speculative systems, and proves its faith by its works, by healing all manner of organic and functional disease by the same exact and scientifically Christian method that is to be found on nearly every page of the Gospels.

"The hour has passed for popular doubt and skepticism to deride or deny the authenticity of these cures, for all over our land each week, in the public meetings of Scientists, are presented living monuments to the power of Christian Science as a healer of depravity and sickness. Moreover, these cases are open to the candid, sincere investigation of any truth seeker. The class of men and women who accept its teachings, and the lives of self-sacrifice that they live, cheerfully giving all their time to earth's suffering and sorrow-laden ones, preclude Christian Science from being rashly judged or lightly passed by as a 'fad.' It has come to stay, and to prove to the twentieth century

> That all of good the past has had
> Remains to make our own time glad,
> Our common daily life divine,
> And every land a Palestine.

"Probably the healing of sickness by purely metaphysical or mental means, while by no means the chief object of the religion, attracts more attention from the public than any other aspect of the faith. Strange it is that this lost element of Christianity, so conspicuous in the early Church for the first three centuries, should be met in our enlightened era and day by so much opposition and unbelief. Nevertheless, this attitude is gradually giving place to honest judgment and sober thought from leaders of thought in materia medica and in the Christian ministry, as will be seen from these impartial and forcible utterances from well-known men of authority and character. It will be noted that most of the thinkers quoted are not disciples of Christian Science, hence their words should have the more weight as impartial judges. Says Prof. James of Harvard University: 'Their facts are patent, and startling, and anything that interferes with the multiplication of such facts and with our freest opportunity of observing and studying them, will, I believe, be a public calamity.'

"Speaking of the mental element in the cure of disease, E. W. Taylor, A. B., of Harvard University, while not a believer in Christian Science as a system of religion which through the one law of divine metaphysics heals sin and disease, has this to say of its healing power and the mental element in the cure of disease in general: 'Should an apology be made before entering on this topic? Should we, as some one has said of homœopathy, regard the system of Christian Science and the doctrines included under this general head as one "which modern medicine neither accepts nor finds it worth while to controvert?" From a theoretical point of view, an affirmative answer might well be made to these questions; practically, most of us have seen results of so positive a character that we are compelled to recognize them, and to offer some sort of explanation, all the more from the fact that we doubt the theoretic basis of the doctrine. In its practical aspect, however, on the side of results, the doctrine demands recognition. Physicians in regular practice can afford neither to deny the fact nor to neglect its investigation. When we turn to the profession at large we find only the vaguest recognition of the effect of mind on body. We find no recognized method of practice in this field, no detailed knowledge of the effects of various intellectual and emotional states. When the last drug fails then that final resort of our ignorance, rather than our knowledge, the so-called moral treatment, is instituted, naturally with but weak confidence in its results. In this way the mental element as a distinct therapeutic measure has always been pushed to the wall. Such neglect is certainly unscientific, and therefore detrimental to the highest welfare and development of medicine. More than this, it has led to other evils whose growth we have in our own time had an opportunity of observing.'

"The following extracts are from a lecture recently delivered by Dr. A. A. Sulcer of Riverside, Cal., before the regular quarterly meeting of the Riverside County Medical Society: 'For myself I wish to say that I have found the study of ever increasing interest, satisfaction, and profit, and I have seen many proofs of the efficacy of its principles in the treatment of disease. Thousands rejoice to-day in their freedom from maladies previously pronounced incurable by the most skilful physicians and are living witnesses to the higher power. As the morning sun lights up the mountain tops before the lower hills and plains have felt its refulgent rays, so these truths were first caught by the spiritual heights of a rare nature, but the lower hills and valleys are now feeling the beneficent influence of the rays, which first lighted the Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, and I do not feel like disputing the profoundest belief of Christian Scientists that they will yet illumine the entire human race.'

"Dr. Brown of West Twenty-fifth street, New York city, says: 'Christian Science alone revealed to me the mystery of the origin of disease in its teaching that it germinates in the lower substratum of the human mind, that is, the unconscious thought.'

"The Rev. Dr. E. C. Bolles of New York city, President of the State Convention of Universalist ministers, recently said from his pulpit: 'You know that if there is one point which I constantly commend to you as the substance of the Gospel, it is the absolute and eternal supremacy of the spiritual over the material, and that I recognize in this the power of the divine life of Jesus Christ, and the result of His life in our own when we become His disciples. It explains the mysteries and secures the peace of faith. If I understand Christian Science, it proposes to apply this principle unreservedly to man's welfare in soul and body, and conquers at once disease and sin by the same remedy. There is certainly a perception here of the true foundation of Christianity, a higher and nobler one than the common one of the churches for the preaching and practice of the Gospel.'

"Through the Baptist organ, the *Christian Inquirer*, the well-known Baptist clergyman, the Rev. Edwin T. Hiscox, D. D., of Brooklyn, has this to say upon the religious life and works of the Christian Scientists with whom he has come in contact: 'Circumstances have made it convenient for me to examine their teaching with the same care, and I have also compared it with the lives of the few personally known to me. As a result of this examination I do not hesitate to say that if they are fair specimens of the whole body, the modern Church would be elevated to a much higher plane of Christian living than it now occupies were it to follow them. They say that the sick man is in a worse case than the sinner if God can forgive sin and will not heal sickness. They tell me that the same Master who commanded us to baptize also commanded us to heal. I do not know how to answer them. The Christian Scientists whom I know expressly disavow any use of animal magnetism, hypnotism, or spiritualism, and declare that the cure is wrought by God alone. They say that they do not "provoke his will" (that is, the patient's), and that the will has nothing to do with it. Now, I am unable to believe all that they profess to believe, as you are unable; but I cannot say they have no religion, that they are not Christians, that they have only a system of stupid blundering, because I am profoundly convinced that the great need of all our churches is more of the religion I have seen in the lives of Christian Scientists.'

"It is but just to state that Christian Science has nothing in common with the foundation and methods of faith, prayer, or mind cure, or hypnotism, and that its tenets are not at all in harmony with spiritualism, theosophy, and Adamic theology. Its method of healing disease is exact and metaphysical and fully stated in the text book, 'Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures,' by the Rev. Mary Baker Eddy. When it is remembered that few persons ever seek Christian Science healing except when all other medical means have failed, and that its practitioners have to deal with the worst and most hopeless forms of disease, is it either rational or right to herald the occasional loss of a case under this treatment from ocean to ocean, especially when it should be remembered that daily thousands die under regular medical practice whose lives might have been spared had Christian Science been resorted to? Great respect is due to physicians as individuals for their honest efforts to relieve human woe, but Christian Scientists have learned the divine way, most of them having failed of healing under medicine only to secure it through Christian Science. So it says to all sufferers, when lower and material means fail, despair not nor give up. Come to the method established by that great friend and physician of men, the Founder of the Christian religion, who said to His followers in all ages, 'Go ye into all the world, preach the Gospel, heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out demons, raise the dead,' to which command He added the promise, 'And these signs shall follow them that believe (understand). In My name shall they cast out devils (evils), they shall speak with new tongues. They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them. They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.'

"As an adjunct to the parish work of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, of this city, is the chartered institute known as the New York City Christian Science Institute. It has a principal and assistant principal, and conducts three yearly classes of instruction in the religion, philosophy, and healing of the system. Christian Science is in itself a powerful educational force of the day. It gives elasticity to the mind, opens to thought the spiritual import of the Bible, acquaints the student with the laws of cause and effect, reveals the latent powers for good in thought, and uncovers the thought germs of evil and disease, bringing these errors to the surface of consciousness, where they are at first neutralized, then destroyed, by the action of the divine mind. Christian Science draws its strength from its simplicity, for it is a strict form of Christian monotheism, and exalts the idea of one mind, one way shower, Jesus the Christ, one brotherhood, and one method of solving life's problem, that is, by overcoming evil with good, and matter with mind.

"The denominational life of the body is simple, yet it presents a united organic whole, governed by one set of religious tenets, five in number, of which Mrs. Eddy is the author. The mother church in Boston is the one vine, and all other churches are branches, adopting the tenets of the mother church. While each church is independent in the government of its own affairs, all are nevertheless a unit in the order of service and doctrine with the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston. A unique and interesting feature of the Christian Science churches is the original way in which the public services are conducted. The pastor of the mother church and of the 300 congregations in America is the Bible and the text book 'Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures,' by Mrs. Eddy. The sermons consist of references from these books, read alternately without comment upon a given topic from the Scripture by two readers, a man and a woman, known as first and second reader. The subject for each Sunday sermon in the year is chosen by a Central Bible Lesson Committee in Boston, who follow out the order of the well-known 'International Series,' and embody the references elucidating the subject in a quarterly sermon lesson book issued by the publishing society. Thus there is attained an absolute unity in both subject and readings for every society in the world each Sunday of the year. This new order went into effect in 1895, and has already become a marked success. It removes the dangers of mere personal attachment to a preacher, and leads all who attend the services to come for the sake of the simple Christian teaching, apart from all other considerations. The other portion of the service resembles the usual order of service to be found in a congregational order of exercise—hymns, anthems, Scriptural reading, silent prayer, the Lord's Prayer, with the spiritual interpretation as given in the Christian Science text book. Dignity, simplicity, and deep fervor mark these services, and strangers often remark upon their beauty. Each week all churches of this denomination hold public testimonial or experience meetings, where practical testimony is given of the healing power of Christian Science in sin and disease. Four times a year the communion service is celebrated by silent communion and special sermon from the text books without the material symbols—the import and true significance of this service being held as essentially spiritual, as so beautifully brought out in the lines of Bonar:

> "And as we rise, the symbols disappear,
> The feast, though not the love, is past and gone.
> The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
> Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun."

MAKING AN OXFORD BIBLE.

MOST REMARKABLE PRODUCT OF THE GREATEST OF PRINTING HOUSES.

The Special Paper and How It Was Discovered—Setting the Types and Printing and Binding—How the Revised Version Was Printed and How the Public Got It.

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LONDON, Feb. 8.—The privilege of printing a Bible is hardly less jealously guarded in the United Kingdom than is the privilege of printing a bank note. It is accorded by license to the Queen's Printers, and by charter to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; and it is, as a matter of fact, at the University of Oxford that the greatest bulk of the work is done. From this famous press there issue annually about one million copies of the sacred book; copies ranging in price from tenpence to ten pounds, and in form from the "brilliant" Bible, which weighs, in its most handsome binding, less than four ounces, and measures 3¾ by 2¼ by ⅝ inches, to the superb folio Bible for church use, the page of which measures 19 by 12 inches, which is the only folio Bible in existence—seventy-eight editions in all; copies in all languages, even the most barbarous. It is a difficult but not unprofitable business.

The Oxford Bibles are, as all the world knows, more popular and more widely circulated than any other edition of the sacred volume, and all the world knows also that their remarkable popularity depends upon the marvellous qualities of the paper on which they are printed. For the Bible is one of the longest books in the world; and, in order that it may be presented to the student in a shape at once serviceable and compact, paper of very peculiar attributes is required. It must be very thin, but at the same time it must be strong in texture and opaque. The famous Oxford India paper fulfils these conditions in a greater degree than any other paper in the world; and as during the last twenty years it has entirely revolutionized the Bible and prayer book trade, the story of its introduction must be told.

DISCOVERY OF THE SPECIAL PAPER.

The story begins in the year 1841. In that year an Oxford graduate, whose name has been forgotten, brought home from a journey to the far East a small fold of extremely thin paper, which was obviously more opaque and tough for its substance than any paper known to European manufacturers. The late Mr. Thomas Combe, who was then printer to the university, printed Bibles on it. There was just sufficient paper for twenty-four copies of the diamond 24 mo. edition—the smallest edition at that time in existence. Though various bibliophiles offered £20 apiece for them none of the copies were sold, but all were presented—to the Queen and other persons of mark. Mr. Combe tried to trace the paper to its source, but failed; and the event, after being a nine days' wonder, ceased to be talked about, or even thought about. It happened, however, that thirty-three years later a copy of the edition fell into the hands of Mr. Arthur E. Miles of the firm of Hamilton, Adams & Co. Mr. Miles showed it to Mr. Frowde (controller, with Mr. Horace Hart, of the University Press), and the result was that experiments were at once set on foot at the Oxford University Paper Mills at Wolvercote, with the view of discovering the secret of its composition. After several failures the efforts of the manufacturers were at last crowned with complete success, with the result that the first Bible on Oxford India paper was placed on sale in Paternoster row in 1875.

The secret of the composition of the Oxford paper is, of course, one of those trade secrets which are on no account whispered to the stranger. It is, in fact, known only to three living persons, not one of whom is even particularly anxious to admit that he is included in the three.

To possess the secret of such a valuable paper is clearly half the battle to the printers of the Bible. But only half. The next thing needful is to ensure that the type shall be set without mistakes; and there is nothing of which the Oxford printers of the Bible are prouder than of their accuracy. To secure this accuracy, they point out, both time and money are required. As regards the money, it is computed that to set up and "read" a reference Bible costs £1,000. As regards the time and trouble—that is a story by itself.

PUTTING A REFERENCE BIBLE IN TYPE.

We assume, for instance, that a reference Bible, in a fresh form, is to be produced. The first step is to make a careful calculation showing what, in the particular type employed, will be the exact contents of each page, from the first page to the last. It must be known before a single type is set just what will be the first and last word on each page. It is not enough that this calculation shall be approximate; it must be exact almost to the syllable. The stupendous labor thus involved may be imagined, and it has to be undertaken in the case of every fresh edition. In the case of any ordinary book the reader would consider that his work was then concluded. In the case of the Oxford Bible it is but a little more than begun. The proofs are then read again by a fresh reader, from a fresh model; and this process is repeated until, before being electrotyped, they have been read five times in all. Any compositor who detects an error in the model gets a reward, but only two such rewards have ever been earned. Any member of the public who is first to detect an error in the authorized text is entitled to one guinea, but the average annual outlay of the Press under this head is almost nil, although there lies on the table of the composing room a Bible issued from some other press, bristling with errors, all indignantly scored with red ink, no fewer than three such errors being perceptible on a single page.

The care exercised in the production of the authorized Bible is not relaxed in the case of the Revised Bible. Since 1885 there have been six editions of the Revised Bible issued by the Oxford Press; and a list is kept showing the number and the nature of typographical errors which have been detected between that date and Aug. 27, 1895. There are only ten of them—an average of one for each year that has elapsed, and they are all of the most trifling character, "overflowing," for "ever flowing" being the most serious. One of them, it may be remarked in passing, was detected by that diligent student of Holy Writ, the Bishop of Oxford, and when he pointed it out cancels were printed and fresh pages inserted.

The Bible type is not kept standing. Instead two sets of electrotypes are made. One of these is used to print from, the other for the production of fresh electrotypes when required. The electrotypes of the second generation are admitted to be a little degenerate in character; but the difference is so slight that it can only be detected with difficulty, even by an expert; and from a single set of electrotypes as many as 300,000 copies of a part of the Bible have been printed. For the accommodation of these electrotypes a special strong room has been constructed. It is the boast of the delegates that their own smith wrought and fixed the iron; and it is one of its peculiarities that the mere act of opening the door turns up the light, while the act of closing it turns it down.

DRYING THE SHEETS AND BINDING.

In this way the Clarendon Press manufactures Bibles literally out of the raw material—prints them, that is to say, with its own type and its own ink (manufactured out of its own lampblack and varnish) on its own admirable paper. The next process is the drying of the sheets, for which there is a complete apparatus on the third floor of the Bible Press. When time suffices they are hung on "trebles" in a long room to dry in the ordinary course. When time presses, as it often does, they are dried with a special system. The sheets are then placed in a specially constructed hot room, in which dry air, superheated by steam under pressure, is driven round in a confined space by a large circular steam fan. By this means the ink can be dried in an incredibly short time, and will resist the great pressure put upon it by the leather binders without "setting off." And with the drying Mr. Horace Hart's share of the work is done, and the sheets go off by luggage train to London to Mr. Henry Frowde, who is publisher to the University, manager of the London business, and of the branches in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Under his direction the sheets are duly bound and distributed to the trade.

The binding, which is done with no less care than the printing, is carried on in a special building in the neighborhood of Aldersgate, under the superintendence of Mr. Upton Jones. Here we observe long rows of women—matrons and maidens of every age—clad in white aprons and armed with paper knives and needles, silently stitching and folding the sheets. For the sake of accuracy the folding is all done by hand; for the reduction of the bulk the sewing is done with silk. And the work is done slowly in order that it may be well done. The sheets of ordinary books are often stitched at a rate varying from 300 to 400 per hour; the sheets of the Bible are stitched at a rate ranging between 200 and 250 per hour. Between the folding and the stitching the sheets are rolled; after they have been stitched, that they may not go forth, as the trade says, "full of wind," they are pressed by a special hydraulic engine, with an automatic gauge, which spontaneously ceases to work when the pressure gets to seventy tons. Simultaneously with this work, in another department, the leather is being prepared. In one room we see the bindings cut out of the prepared sheepskins, goat skins, calf, or whatever it may be; in another room we see it shaved down to the thin texture required for the celebrated Divinity Circuit bindings, by means of two remarkable machines, one made in Germany and the other in America; and finally we see the gilt letters stamped and the books put into their covers.

HOW THE REVISED VERSION WAS PUBLISHED.

Never was the intensity of the public interest in the Bible more strikingly manifested than on the memorable day of publication of the Revised Version of the New Testament—May 17, 1881.

Long before that date abundant evidence of that interest had shown itself. For one thing Mr. Frowde held orders for nearly two million copies; for another the efforts of dishonest persons to obtain surreptitiously advance copies for use either in England or in America had been persistent and audacious. One American emissary went to Oxford and offered a foreman £2,000 for such a copy. He was told that the honor of the press was as dear to the compositors as to the delegates, and that there was a pump conveniently near. Baffled in this direction, the enterprising gentleman made a fresh attempt. He called on one of the revisers and asked to be allowed to see a copy. The reverend reviser, however, had the wisdom of the serpent as well as the harmlessness of the dove. He courteously pointed to the copy lying on his table, but would not allow his visitor to touch it. The stranger retired, but came again at an hour when he knew the reviser was out, bringing with him a dummy volume which he hoped to be able to exchange stealthily for the genuine article. A daughter of the house, however, received him, and took care that he had no opportunity of committing the petty larceny which he contemplated. There are also records of other attempts, and it is even said that as much as £5,000 was once offered for an advanced copy, with the significant intimation that no questions would be asked to the holder's title to it. All the attempts, however, were futile, and on May 17, 1881, the Revised Testament was published.

BOOKSELLERS CROWDING FOR COPIES.

It had been arranged that every bookseller throughout the United Kingdom should be supplied with copies on the morning of that day. On the previous day, therefore, all country parcels were duly despatched, and it only remained to distribute the Testament to the trade in London. This distribution was probably the most striking scene ever known in the history of Paternoster Row. Already in the afternoon of the 16th booksellers' employees were beginning to wait outside the warehouse door, just as pleasure seekers wait outside the pit entrance on the famous premieres at the Lyceum. As darkness fell the crowd deepened. Carts and wagons of every sort and size packed all the narrow approaches which converge upon the row. The horses dozed in the shafts; the drivers dozed upon their seats; the city police, marshalled in a solid body under their inspectors, stood by to see that the road was clear for the traffic to follow the appointed line. Meanwhile the gas lights gleamed inside the store, and Mr. Frowde's staff, in busy silence, made their preparations. At last the great clock of St. Paul's Cathedral struck the hour of midnight. Then there was a noise of the turning of keys and the drawing back of bolts; the warehouse doors were opened. The carters started from their slumbers and the mass began to move. For four hours men fought for Testaments as hungry men fight for bread in a beleaguered city, and cart after cart, heavily freighted, wound its way out of the labyrinth and drove off east or west or north or south. Then for a space there was a lull. But not for long. Between half past 4 and 5 the newspaper carts began to call for copies to be sold upon the railway bookstalls, and at 7 the Press began to despatch its own carts with copies for booksellers who had not previously sent for them. And so it came about that when Londoners rose to go about their business, they found the shop windows full of the revised New Testament.

Great as the supply was, it by no means coped with the demand. The public fought for copies throughout the day, as the booksellers' men had fought for them throughout the night. One city bookseller alone sold in the course of the day 15,000 copies at prices ranging from a shilling to a guinea. At the "Underground" bookstalls travellers cheerfully paid eighteen pence for copies which the discount booksellers would have let them have for ninepence; and they were to be seen in hundreds reading it as they walked through the streets. Nor had Mr. Frowde's arduous labors reached their termination. Thousands of "repeat" orders were on his hands; the trade was clamorous; peremptory telegrams came pouring in; the telegraph boys stumbled over each other on the doorstep; the Post Office officials suggested the construction of a temporary telegraph office within the premises; and it was not until they had delivered every copy on the premises that the staff of the University Press were able to go to bed.

The interest of the United States was not one whit less keen. The Revised New Testament was "set up" on the Atlantic by the enterprising house of Appleton, was stereotyped on board a liner, and printed off immediately on the arrival of the vessel at New York, with the result that copies were on sale three days afterward. But the enterprise of New York was beaten by the enterprise of Chicago. The editor of the Chicago *Times* was resolved to present the entire volume to his readers in an immediate edition of his paper. The railways could not bring a volume to Chicago till late on the evening of May 21; the only thing to be done was to press the telegraph into the service. For a sum of $10,000 the editor retained the exclusive use of the twenty-one wires then connecting the two cities. The operators worked from 5:30 P. M. until 12:50 A. M., and during this time the entire text of the four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistle to the Romans was transmitted to Chicago. The remainder of the volume was set up from copies which arrived by rail, and on the morning of May 22 the subscribers to the Chicago *Times* were able to study the result of the revisers' labors at the breakfast table.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

VAN BERKERK'S TINY BABY.

Its Arm Can Be Encircled with a Finger Ring and It's the Pride of the Valley.

ESSEX, Feb. 15.—It is an old-time saying in the Connecticut Valley that choice things come in small packages, and if the tradition is founded in truth, then the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Watson Van Berkerk of this tranquil old riverside hamlet in the valley is about the most precious bit of humanity in all New England. The Van Berkerk mite is not so wonderfully and phenomenally tiny, perhaps, as is the midget of Mr. and Mrs. William Mehle of New Jersey, because little Van Berkerk, who weighs a pound and a half, is only six weeks old, while Master James Mehle, who weighs a pound and a half also, has arrived at the maturer age of seven months. All the same, however, Van Berkerk of Essex is just as healthy, smart, and chipper as Mehle of New Brunswick, and, furthermore, he was one of twins, and his mate was no bigger than he. His brother was frail, and died soon after birth.

Van Berkerk is the baby wonder of the whole Connecticut Valley, and people have journeyed all the way from their homes in the six Haddams, Moodus, Machimoodus, and Gildersleeve's Landing, and even distant Higganum, just to get peeps at him. Van Berkerk, unhappily, was not weighed immediately after birth, so it is not known exactly how nearly imponderable he was at the time, but the experienced old ladies of Essex, who "jest dropped in" soon after the event, scrutinized him through their square-bowed spectacles, and vowed he wouldn't weigh a mite over a pound. "The other one," they added, "might be jest a trifle heftier, but not enough to take any account on."

The Van Berkerks are very fond of J. Watson, Jr., for all the rural weeklies in the valley have printed complimentary notices about him; and, besides, although he is no bigger than a small kitten, he is as lively as a cricket, with a voice of remarkable volume and sustained power. Still, as a rule, he has a cheerful and sunny temper, "an' 'tain't the least mite trouble in the world to take care of him," says his mother. His will is law in the Van Berkerk household, and no royal offspring ever was treated with greater tenderness or painstaking and solicitous consideration. The doctor says he has no doubt in the world that he will grow up as hale and vigorous as any child, but he has no idea whether he will get to be as big as other folks.

At the time of Van Berkerk's birth there were several suits of flowing clothes all ready for him in the Van Berkerk home, but they didn't fit at all, since five babies just as big as he could roam about in any one of them without jostling or friction. So all the suits were divided and subdivided and made over, with the ultimate result that J. Watson, Jr., has a liliputian wardrobe quite as extensive as that of any fashionable débutante of the metropolis.

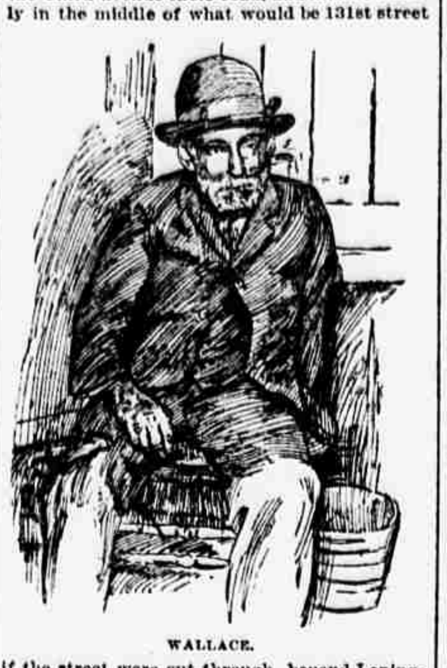
The midget is the pet and pride and wonder of all Essex, and about the first question every man or woman in the hamlet wishes to have answered each morning is, "How is Van Berkerk's mite?" If the tidings from the Van Berkerks are in effect that the youngster slept like a top and awoke in a sunshiny mood, then the sun is bright enough all day to suit Essex, in spite of February fogs or storms, and the wheels of the social and industrial machines glide smoothly. Just now, in its sentimental orbit, all Essex and one or two outlying planetary hamlets revolve about the baby personality, and in accord with the changeful temperamental status of J. Watson Van Berkerk fils. The midget thrives vigorously all the time, but waxes very little in weight. It seems as if he was not two ounces heavier than at the time of his birth, but the Van Berkerk steelyards report greater progress. According to them, the Van Berkerk baby is at least a quarter of a pound heavier than he was at birth. At the same time his arms are so slender that an ordinary finger ring may be slipped up them, and his parents are worried always lest they may mislay him in a crevices of his crib.

THE GRIT THAT ENDURES.

HARLEM'S LONELY OLD MAN AND HIS LIFE IN A RIVERSIDE HUT.

Abandoned by His Children and Weakened by Age for Regular Work, He Makes a Living by Selling the Driftwood He Gathers from the River—His Ingenious Housekeeping and Uncomplaining Ways.

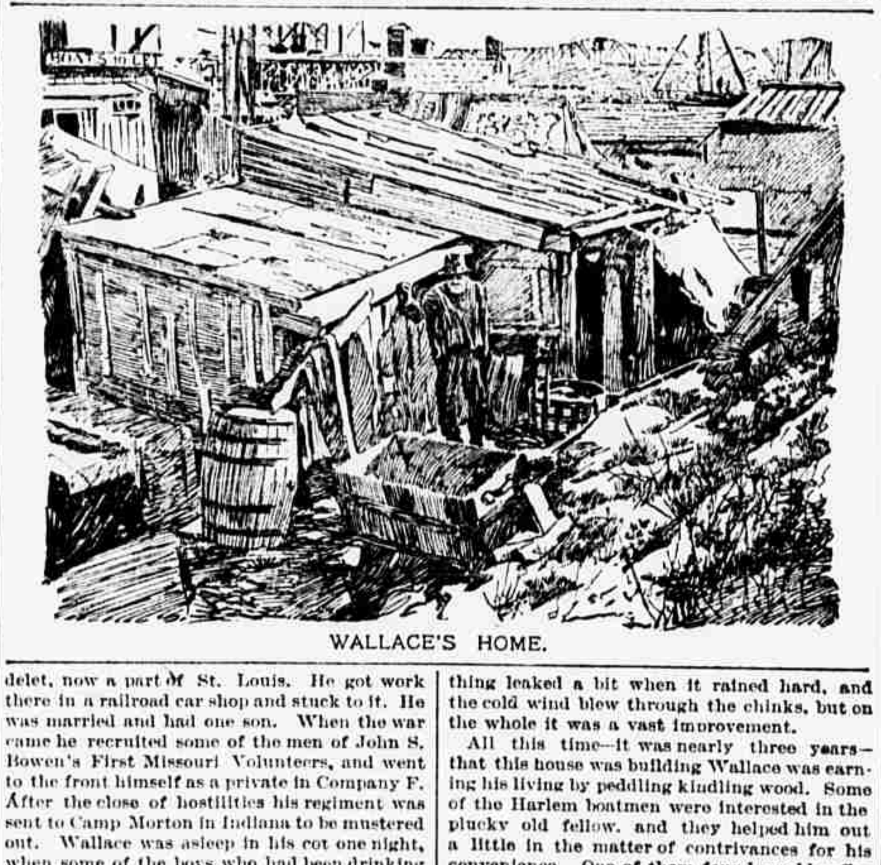
If nobody had told you what it was you might walk by, in fact almost over, the house of John Wallace, and never suspect that it was a place of human habitation. It stands on the south bank of the Harlem River, north of the car stables of the Third avenue cable road, and almost exactly in the middle of what would be 131st street if the street were cut through beyond Lexington avenue. All along the bank are piles of driftwood, cast up by the river at high tide. Here and there lie old boats, long since dismantled and left to rot in the mud. Driftwood and refuse have lodged about them, so that it takes a sharp eye to detect the original character of the tangled heaps. John Wallace's house might be mistaken easily for one of these piles, but it is the result of nearly four years of constant effort and hard work on the part of the one-armed old man who lives in it. The house stands almost at the edge of the water at high tide. Back of it the bank rises sharply five or six feet to the street level, which is about even with the roof of Wallace's two rooms. The steps the old man has made in the bank, by which he descends to the door of his hut, are so steep that it takes great care to avoid a fall. There is so little room for them that one can step easily from the bank to the roof of the hut.



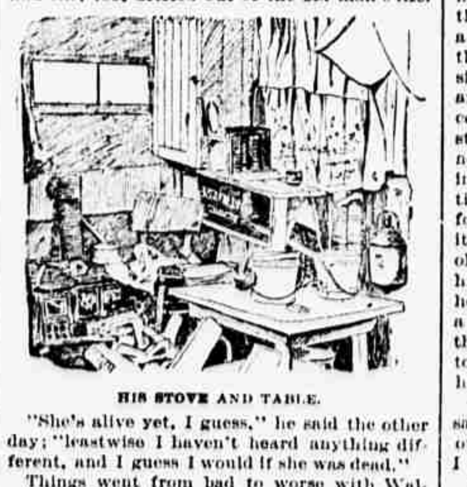
WALLACE.

Before the war Wallace was a ship carpenter. He was born in Norwich, Conn., and he was 68 years old last Tuesday. He was a restless young man, and he tired of working in the big shipyards around New York. Late in the fifties he went out West and settled at Carondelet, now a part of St. Louis. He got work there in a railroad car shop and stuck to it. He was married and had one son. When the war came he recruited some of the men of John S. Bowen's First Missouri Volunteers, and went to the front himself as a private in Company F. After the close of hostilities his regiment was sent to Camp Morton in Indiana to be mustered out. Wallace was asleep in his cot one night, when some of the boys who had been drinking during the evening got to skylarking. Somehow, the old man cannot tell how, a gun was fired. The bullet struck Wallace in the left arm above the elbow and shattered the bone so that amputation was necessary. The arm was taken off at the shoulder, and Wallace was sent back to Carondelet.

When Wallace's wife died in 1870 he gave up his Missouri home and came to New York, bringing his son and daughter with him. He got work in a shipyard, and made himself a comfortable home. But the son ran away and went West, and Wallace has not heard of him for years. After that the daughter married, and she, too, drifted out of the old man's life.



WALLACE'S HOME.



HIS STOVE AND TABLE.

"She's alive yet, I guess," he said the other day; "leastwise I haven't heard anything different, and I guess I would if she was dead."

Things went from bad to worse with Wallace, until four years ago last fall he lost his last job at his trade and could maintain himself no longer in a house where rent had to be paid. Then he went up to the Harlem and squatted where his hut now stands. Somebody had thrown away the old pieces of a tin roof. Wallace found several piles of driftwood, and out of them he picked some 2x4 pieces and some boards. He used the scantlings for sills and uprights and made the frame of a structure about five feet wide by seven long. It was a little over four feet high at the south side and about six feet in the clear on the north. He did not have boards enough to make the sides of the shanty tight, so he covered the holes with pieces of the old tin roof. He built the roof in the same way, but for a long time he had no boards for a floor. He got one large pane of glass and fashioned a rough sash for it, which he set in the north wall. The door—two boards nailed together on a cross piece—he hung on the east side. Then he got a barrel and set it up at the southwest corner to catch the rainwater that was drained off his roof by the little gutter he made at the downhill side out of the old tin roofery.

While he was making this shanty Wallace lived, as he has lived ever since, by doing any sort of work he could get, but principally by cutting and felling kindling wood. He became an expert fisher for driftwood. It is desperate work for a man with only one arm to get big sticks and timber out of the river, but the old man is plucky, and he has learned to make more use of his one arm than many a man can make of two. He would roll the wet wood up the bank and prop it up against his shanty to dry. He had a little sawbuck and a crosscut saw, and when the wood was dry enough he would work it up into kindling. Then with his bundlings of kindling wood he would start out peddling until it was all sold. It wasn't much of a way to live, but it kept soul and body together.

Once in a while, when he got hold of an extra good board, Wallace placed it inside of his shanty and began to lay a floor. After the floor was complete he began to saw up boards for an addition. There were several discomforts about the shanty as it stood which were not removable in any other way than by the construction of an addition. From the first he had had an old cracked camp stove which did duty both for heating and cooking. Two lengths of rusty stovepipe served for a chimney, but he had no way of guying the pipe above his roof, so he had to run the last length out through the north wall. He rigged a little wooden box which he had picked up on some drift pile, to serve as a sort of cap for the end of this stovepipe, but every little while a gust of wind would whistle down the improvised chimney and send not only the smoke but also the fire out into the room. There were only two things to do under such circumstances. One was to suffer and the other was to get out. But there were times when it was difficult to make choice between the two evils. When the wind was whistling down his stovepipe it was usually howling outside, and overcoats had been omitted from Wallace's list of necessaries.

So Wallace strove for another room. One day a bit of great good luck befell him. He found a big piece of what had been apparently the platform in front of a private boathouse. The tide brought it from nobody knew where and deposited it thoughtfully in Wallace's front yard. It is a very circumscribed front yard, and exists only when the tide is not at the flood. Wallace could have wept for joy when he made that find. It was the whole side of the greatly-needed second room, all in one piece. Some of the boatmen who make hard livings out of the Harlem, with headquarters near Wallace's shanty, helped the old fellow get the big unwieldy thing in place. They stood it up on edge about six feet east of the east wall of the old man's first shanty and braced it against the supports of the bridge that leads out to a boathouse on the river edge. Wallace had the heavy timbers to join this new acquisition to his old cabin, and piece by piece he gathered up enough boards to put up the north side. Then he made the south side. He took off the door of his first shanty and hung it squarely in front of the steep steps he had dug in the precipitous bank. A lucky find of two soap boxes gave him boards enough for the south side, and then there was only the roof. There was still plenty of the old tin stuff in front of his shanty, but it took him a long time to get timbers long enough to serve as rafters, for the new room is larger by several feet, both in depth and width, than the old one. But he accomplished his purpose, and last winter, when a perverse wind smoked him out of his little room, Wallace went into the new one and still was sheltered from the storm. The thing leaked a bit when it rained hard, and the cold wind blew through the chinks, but on the whole it was a vast improvement.

All this time—it was nearly three years—that this house was building Wallace was earning his living by peddling kindling wood. Some of the Harlem boatmen were interested in the plucky old fellow, and they helped him out a little in the matter of contrivances for his convenience. One of them found an old coffee grinder and gave it to Wallace, who nailed it to one of the uprights in the large room. Mighty little coffee it had to grind, but it is always there in case there is any work for it to do. Wallace had been sleeping on the floor in one corner of the smaller room. But after the roof was on the addition, he began to build himself a bed. He got two good wide boards and nailed them at the ends across two little stringers fastened to short uprights. There is a decided tilt from the head to the foot, but that, perhaps, helps to give a semblance of springiness to the otherwise hard bed. Then he made himself some little stools and put a floor in part of the big room. He left part of the larger room without floor, so as to give him a place to work up his kindling wood when the weather was too rough for him to be outside. Somewhere he picked up another stove, and this one he has fixed up in the northeast corner of the larger room, but he hasn't enough stovepipe to reach to the roof yet, and so cannot use the stove. An oil barrel, sawed in two in the middle, made him two tubs, and a little tin pail and two or three tin pans serve him for dishes. He doesn't have any lamp. When it gets dark he goes to bed. He has found an old straw tick somewhere which helps to make him think his bed is not made on a rock, but he has no other bedding. There isn't a sign of a quilt or a blanket, and the old man does a thing which you couldn't get a Western cowboy to believe if you made a thousand affidavits; he keeps warm at night with his clothes on.

"I had a bad night last night," the old man said to a SUN man who talked with him the other day, "there was such a racket and noise I couldn't sleep. I didn't get up till noon."

The wind had been howling through the streets the night before at almost a full gale, and it wasn't much wonder that the old man was kept awake. There's hardly a board in his place that isn't more or less movable, and they are all so put up that they are sure to make a lot of racket in the moving such a wind would give them.

"I used to get along pretty comfortable," the old fellow went on, "but I've got so thin I can't work much any more, and sometimes it's pretty hard picking. I can't get any good coffee now. That's one thing that bothers me. It don't seem to make any difference where I buy it, it's most of it made out of weeds. Can't get any good tea, either. Most of it's made out of leaves. There ain't any strength in it."

Two or three different men, Wallace said, had told him that he was entitled to a pension, and had offered to get it for him. One of them, a New Rochelle lawyer, was so sure of success that he agreed to send the old man $1 a week until the pension came.

"That'd keep me easy," said Wallace to THE SUN man, "but it don't come. It came two or three weeks, an' that's the last I've heard of that man."

He's a plucky old man. The nearest approach to a complaint that he made in talking to THE SUN man was when he said that he was too thin—"damned thin," he put it—to work much. It doesn't take much to keep him, he says, and he'll get along.

NOVELTY INDEED.

THE CURVE ARCHITECTURE OF THE FUTURE.

What Shall Be the Great Office Buildings of the Twentieth Century?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: It seems to have struck no architect yet that the possibilities of the steel frame system, as applied to the erection of the modern office building, are not limited to rectangular constructions. The consequence is that we are getting a rather monotonous series of square towers, very much alike except in the matter of decorative detail. The differentiation in the latter respect is insignificant, for the detail is mostly imperceptible, owing to the immense altitudes attained.

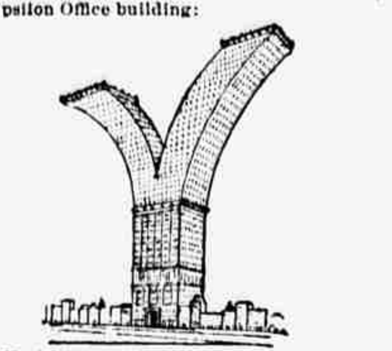
Since architecture is to become in New York an affair of engineering, a matter of tension of materials and strain and rivets and centres of gravity, is there any good reason why we should stick to the rectilinear methods of the past? It appears to me that the future of our profession, so far as its æsthetic aspirations are concerned, lies in a bold departure from traditions and conventions, and a loving adoption of the curved line, with all of its beauty and adaptability to the novel and the original in design.

What can be done in this direction has already been shown, on a small scale and in an earnest, if somewhat paltry way, by the architect of the Coney Island elephant.

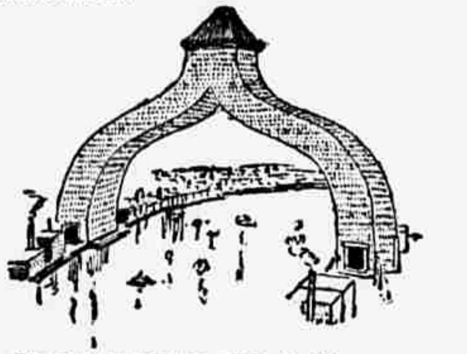
The profile of this town, as viewed from either river, is fast becoming as dismal as Pittsburgh's. The hugely dominating tower or campanile is imposing only when it stands alone; in a cluster these lofty structures kill each other. They look like a group of smoke chimneys. The impressive effect of mere size is sacrificed by repetition, and any slight pretensions to individuality are lost in the distance.

Now, the steel-skeleton system of construction lends itself admirably to the curve architecture which is to give us variety instead of monotony, and widen beyond present conception the field of the draughtsman of creative genius. It is only necessary to keep the centre of gravity well within the lines of the base and to cipher out carefully the thrust, &c.; the rivets will do the rest.

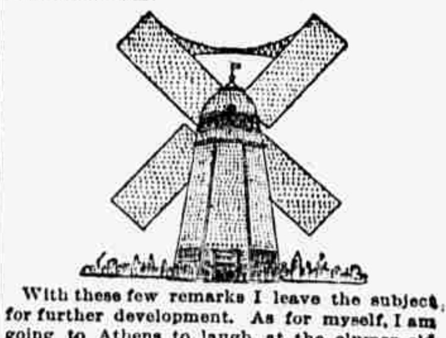
I am too old myself to hope to accomplish much in this direction, so full of promise to my younger brethren, but if I were commissioned to make a beginning, I think I should put up something like this, about 600 feet high, and call it the Upsilon Office building:



The East River, and perhaps even the North River, offer most attractive possibilities to the architect well up in conic sections. The first great transpontine office building will probably take the form of a triumphal arch, commemorating in a practical way the union of New York and Brooklyn:



Then as to structures which shall be decorative in mass as well as in detail, and which shall impart to the lower part of Manhattan Island a picturesqueness which it now lacks, what do you think of my preliminary sketch of Windmill Court, a structure intended for lawyers? A few of these, not less than 800 feet high, would make New York almost as beautiful as Zaandam:



With these few remarks I leave the subject for further development. As for myself, I am going to Athens to laugh at the clumsy old Greeks who understood the rivet, and yet, with all the sky above them to build in, chopped off the Parthenon at sixty-four feet from the ground.

BEAUX-ARTS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.

NATURAL DEATH TRAPS.

An Owl Pierced with Porcupine Quills and a Hawk Drowned by a Trout.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., Feb. 15.—George Peters and Bill Skufuge have cut cordwood for the wood alcohol works for the last few weeks. They have a camp near the old Pardy clearing on Little Black Creek, and yesterday when they came out to Dave Jones's store after their usual weekly supplies they brought with them a big snowy owl that measured five feet four inches across the wings. George told how they got the bird.

"It just beats everything I ever see," he said. "Me and Bill went up to the maple ridge yisterdy and we found this 'ere bird a-lying long side of a porkepine, deader 'n a dead horse, by jimps! We looked round and found that the owl had pitched into the porkepine ten rods away, and they had follered it up to where we found it. Bill, the goldurned fool, grabbed the owl by the neck first thing, but he let go darned quick, by jimps! And that's more'n the quills that stuck into Bill's fingers did. Ye see the owl had tackled the porkepine and got its claws and body so chock full of quills that it died."

All this was verified by the appearance of the owl, which, from bill to talons, was bristling with the quills. It was a curiosity that set the boys to talking. Johnny Jones told how one morning just as the sun was coming up he saw a pigeon hawk swoop down on his favorite rooster, at least six times as big as the hawk, and grabbing it, try to carry it off. Johnny hurried out to get the rooster, which was trying to escape from the hawk. Upon Johnny's approach the hawk began to struggle harder than ever, and after Johnny had knocked the hawk over he found out what was the matter. The hawk's talons had become tangled in the feathers on the rooster's back and the bird was unable to release itself.

Will Light told about catching a big lake trout in Casochogala Lake two years ago. The trout had a set of fishhawk talons imbedded in its back. The bird had struck a fish too big to be lifted out of water, and so was drawn under and drowned, and its body was eaten by other fish. A wildcat, badly decomposed, had been found hanging by the neck in the forks of a cherry tree by Bill Pardy up at Moose River. It looked to Bill as if the cat had leaped from a branch toward a robin or other small bird feeding on the cherries beyond the forks, and had got its big head so fast that it died of hunger, or thirst, or choking.

Down on the flats last summer Charley Bullock found a dead crane. He brought it up to the hotel. Light noticed a bunch in its throat, and, cutting it open, found that the crane had tried to swallow a bullhead. The fish had stuck its fins out straight, and the sharp points had caught in the bird's throat in such a way as to prevent its breathing or extricating the fish.